Snakes in my hart bloud warmd, that sting my hart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrise worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hel,
Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.
*Scro.* Sweet loue I see changing his property,
Turnes to the sow rest and most deadly hate,
Againe, vncurse their soules, their peace is made
With heads and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deathes destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
*Aum.* Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead.
*Scro.* I all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
*Aum.* Where is the Duke my father with his power?
*King* No matter where; of comfort no man speake:
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eies,
Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our landes, our liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death:
And that small modle of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste, and couer to our bones,
For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.
How some haue beene deposd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poisoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild;
All murthered, for within the hollow crowne
That roundes the mortall temples of a king,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a litle scene,
To monarchise be feard, and kil with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this flesh which wals about our life,
Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus, Comes



Com[illegible] at the last, and wi
Boares thorough his Cast
Couer your heades, and r
With solemne reuerence
Tradition, forme, and cer
For you haue but mistook
I liue with bread like you
Taste griefe, neede fiien
How can you say to me, I
*Carleil* My lord, wisen
But presently preuent the
To feare the foe, since fea
Giues in your weakenes s
And so your follies fight
Feare and be slaine, no wo
And fight and die, is deat
Where fearing dying, pai
*Aum.* My father hath
And learne to make a bo
*King* Thou chidst me
To change blowes with t
This agew fit of feare is o
An easie taske it is to win
Say Scroope, where lies o
Speake sweetely man alth
*Scroope* Men iudge by t
The state and inclination
So may you by my dull an
My tongue hath but a hea
I play the torturer by sma
To lengthen out the wor
Your vncle Yorke is ioyn
And all your Northerne c
And all your Southerne C
Vpon his partie.
*King* Thou hast said en
Beshrew thee cousin whic